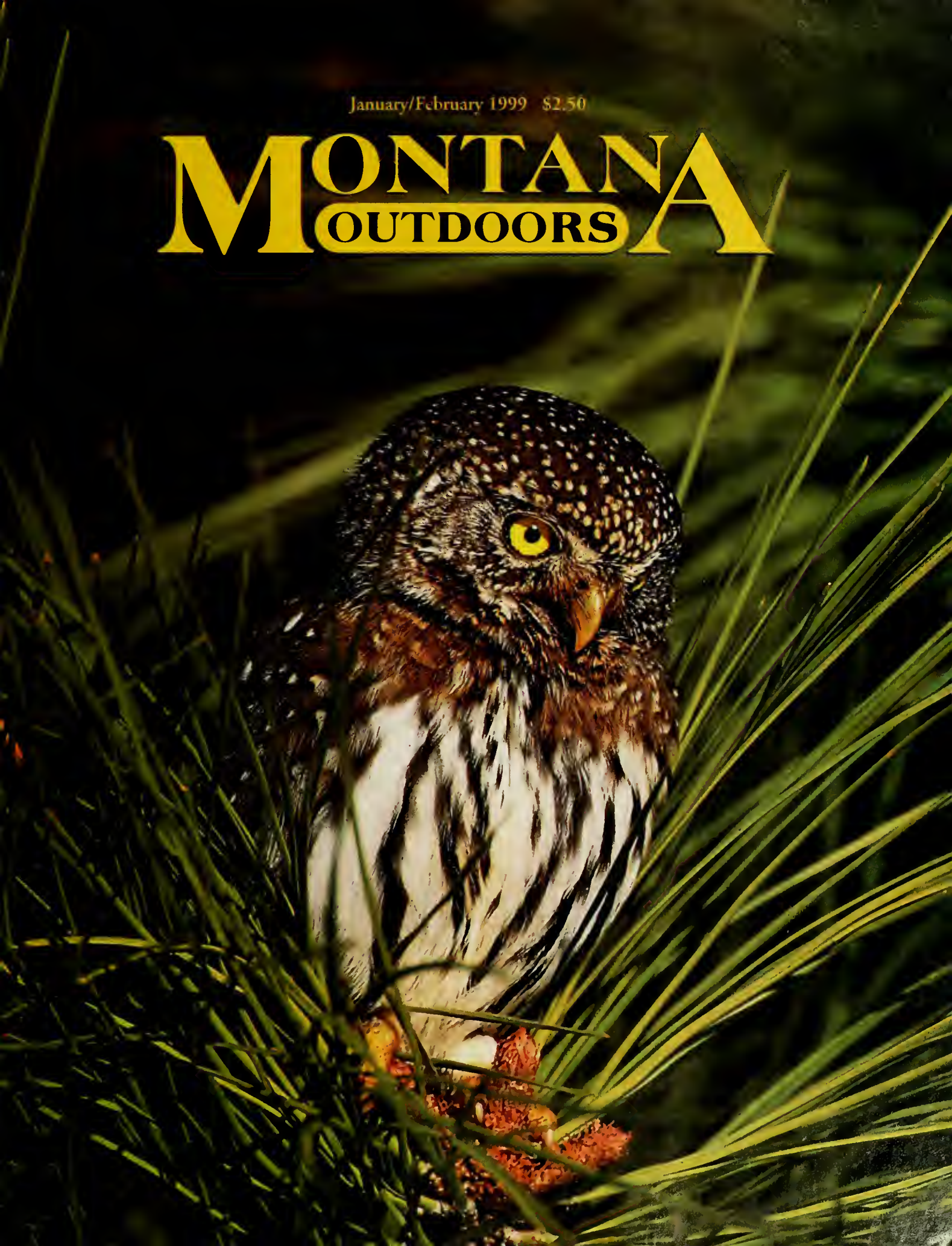


January/February 1999 \$2.50

MONTANA OUTDOORS



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January/February 1999
Volume 30, Number 1

YOU ARE HOLDING the 18th annual *Montana Outdoors* photo issue, and our last photo issue of the twentieth century.

It is comforting to know that much of natural Montana has survived so well. As you look at this wild Montana—and the stunning images of wildlife, mountains, rivers, and prairies—perhaps we should continue to think carefully about how we will conserve Montana's natural and wild resources into the twenty-first century.

The text of this photo issue is a journey crafted by writer Marshall Riggan for Montana Fish, Wildlife & Parks' award-winning film, "The Full Circle." Through a fictional narrator, the journey tells of Montana's past, and of a family's life in "this strange, beautiful, powerful province of earth and sky called Montana."

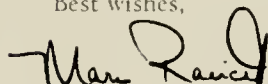
It is an appropriate theme for this time in FWP's history. Over the past year, FWP has reflected on its charge as a state agency entrusted to manage Montana's fish, wildlife, and parks resources. On this journey, and with the help of hundreds of Montanans, our fish, wildlife and parks agency has reexamined its relationship with this dynamic state. While it is true that changes in our social, political, economic, and environmental climate could dramatically influence FWP's management in the near future, FWP has placed itself in a position to respond to change.

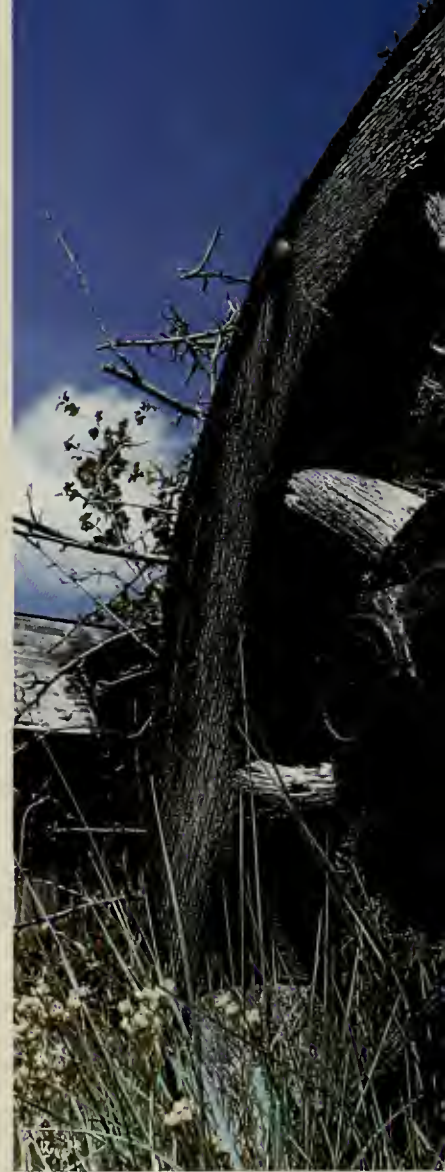
FWP's vision for the future and its goals can be found in three documents: (1) Wildlife Environmental Impact Statement, (2) Fisheries Beyond 2000, and (3) 2020 Vision for Montana State Parks. Each details the challenges and opportunities that we will face as we enter the twenty-first century.

"Something happened in Montana that has happened nowhere else," the narrator of this slender photo essay tells us. "People of all kinds, with all kinds of interests, looked around at their world and decided we can conserve and create simultaneously. We can create towns and ranches and a future rich with possibility. We can have all these things and still preserve the magic my great-grandfather knew when he came this way. This is the reality of the conservation movement in Montana."

A reality that all Montanans still take pride in creating.

Best wishes,


MARC RACICOT
Governor



Front Cover
Northern pygmy owl
—Donald M. Jones

Back Cover
Bull Elk—Mike Barlow



Wagon wheel near Elkhorn—Phil Farnes

The text for this year's Special Photo Issue is excerpted from "The Full Circle," an FWP documentary film written by Marshall Riggan and directed by Mike Gurnett. Video copies of "The Full Circle" are available for \$29.95 from the Montana State Parks and Wildlife Interpretive Association, P.O. Box 9211, Helena, MT 59604.

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Montana Outdoors (ISSN 0027-0016), the official publication of Montana Fish, Wildlife & Parks, is published bimonthly (January, March, May, July, September, and November). Contributions (manuscripts or illustrations) are welcome with the understanding that the department or the editor cannot be responsible for loss or damage. All contributions will be published at the discretion of the editor. Subscription rates are \$9 for one year, \$16 for two years, and \$22 for three years. (Please add \$3 per year for Canadian subscriptions. All other foreign subscriptions, air mail only, are \$25 for one year.) Individual copies and back issues cost \$3.50 each (includes postage). Although **Montana Outdoors** is copyrighted, permission to reprint articles is available by writing our office or phoning us at 406/444-2474. All correspondence should be addressed **Montana Outdoors**, Montana Fish, Wildlife & Parks, 930 West Custer Ave., P.O. Box 200701, Helena, MT 59620-0701 or e-mail at mtoutdrs@ixi.net. ©Montana Fish, Wildlife & Parks, 1999. All rights reserved. Indexed by States' Periodical Index, 1660 Smithville Road, Havre, MT 59501.

Postmaster: Send address changes to **Montana Outdoors**, Montana Fish, Wildlife & Parks, 930 West Custer Ave., P.O. Box 200701, Helena, MT 59620-0701. Preferred periodicals postage paid at Helena, MT 59620, and additional mailing offices.



Two Medicine Lake, Glacier National Park—Mark C. Boesch



IN MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER'S

time, people had a kind of innocence about the land and the wild things around them. He came here to get rich back in 1864. And he did get rich. Not gold. Oh, he found some in the creeks and the pits he dug. But what he really discovered was the land. This strange, beautiful, powerful province of earth and sky called Montana.

SO I'VE COME BACK to where the old man dreamed and dug and died. My heart beats his blood. It looks like I've come full circle. Maybe I can bend that circle straight and make a road I can travel by. And I won't be lost anymore in the mountains or in time.



White cliffs, Wild and Scenic Missouri River— Chuck Hancy



Missouri River rock formations—Chuck Haney

I FOLLOWED THE GHOST of the old man West.

Along the Missouri. Through country carelessly
carved, as if by a sculptor gone mad with solitude.

I WONDERED what the old man must have seen and felt
about this vast, wild place. He left no journal,
unlike Lewis and Clark who came upriver less than
sixty years before.



Pronghorn—Dave McGee



Grizzly bear—Erwin & Peggy Bauer



Bison herd—Erwin & Peggy Bauer

MAYBE HE SAW THE GRIZZLY. That furious and formidable white bear of Lewis' journal.

The Missouri country must have been a huge natural panorama abounding with life.

MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER would have seen the enormous herds of buffalo. He could not have known that nearly all of these great, brooding beasts would be gone within twenty years.

THIS COUNTRY HAS ALWAYS BEEN

a magnet for wandering spirits.
People never seemed to stay in one
place too long. The Indians.
Flathead. Crow. Blackfeet. Nez
Perce. The explorers. Mountain
men. Miners. Surveyors. Preachers
and priests. Most came, passed
through, then passed on.

IN MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER'S

time, people had a kind of
innocence about the land and the
wild things around them. After all,
nature was enormously abundant.
They took what they wanted and
left. And when they left, they left
the land changed.



Mule deer—Erwin & Peggy Bauer



Modern-day mountain man — Tom J. U'rich



United People's Pow-Wow and Cultural Rendezvous, Missoula—John Fecteau

THE OLD MAN MET A WOMAN who came up the river. My heart beats her blood. They had a son whose son would be my father. I remember my grandfather with a kind of sorrowful clarity. He told me about the changes that came to the country and wildlife when he was growing up and how things began to go terribly wrong.

HE REMEMBERED when the railroad came through in 1881. The gold had played out. He told me how towns sprang up along the rivers and the rail. People came pouring in. They built sawmills, even deep in Sun River country. Lodgepole and fir fell to the blade and to the growing need for railroad ties.



Grain elevator near Dutton—John Lambing





Bannack State Park near Dillon—Matt Long



*Missouri Headwaters State Park
near Three Forks—Tim Egan*



Wheat fields near Cut Bank—John Lambing



*Yellow-headed blackbird
—Donald M. Jones*

LONG BEFORE, Texans had driven the first herds of longhorns up this way and stayed. The Homestead Act was passed and the prairie felt the cut of the plow.



Little Bighorn Battlefield National Monument near Hardin—Chuck Haney

THERE WERE LOTS OF WAYS to make a decent dollar in those days. There was a thriving market in hides, and Lord knows there were plenty of animals around to skin. Buffalo. Elk. You could get \$75 for a pair of elk ivories.

BY 1876, 80,000 BUFFALO ROBES a year were being shipped down the Missouri. My grandfather remembered the year because it was the year Custer died at Little Bighorn.



Bull elk—Donald M. Jones



Makoshika State Park near Glendive—Chuck Hancy



Black-footed ferret—Dennis J. Lingohr

MONTANA WAS FOREVER CHANGED. Nature's wounds were deep.

The earth was bleeding and had little more to give. My grandfather told of those years with a sense of surprise, as if the alteration of the environment and the disappearance of the wild lands and wildlife was due to some kind of cosmic sorcery. People looked around one day and felt a certain ghostly stillness.



WHERE WERE THE WINTERING DEER? Where
were the moose, the grizzly, the bighorn sheep?
The antelope and the bison? Where were the
elk? My grandfather listened one night for

familiar sounds and there was something
wrong. There was no deep, defiant challenge
echoing, bounding, from rimrock to rimrock.
It's a sound that walks down the spine with



Bighorn sheep—Michael Javorka

chill feet, he said. But the absence of that sound was shattering. It was the night he knew the elk was gone...its bugle only a memory.



Moose—John R. Ford



White-tailed deer—Donald M. Jones



Yellowstone River Valley north of Yellowstone National Park—Erwin & Peggy Bauer

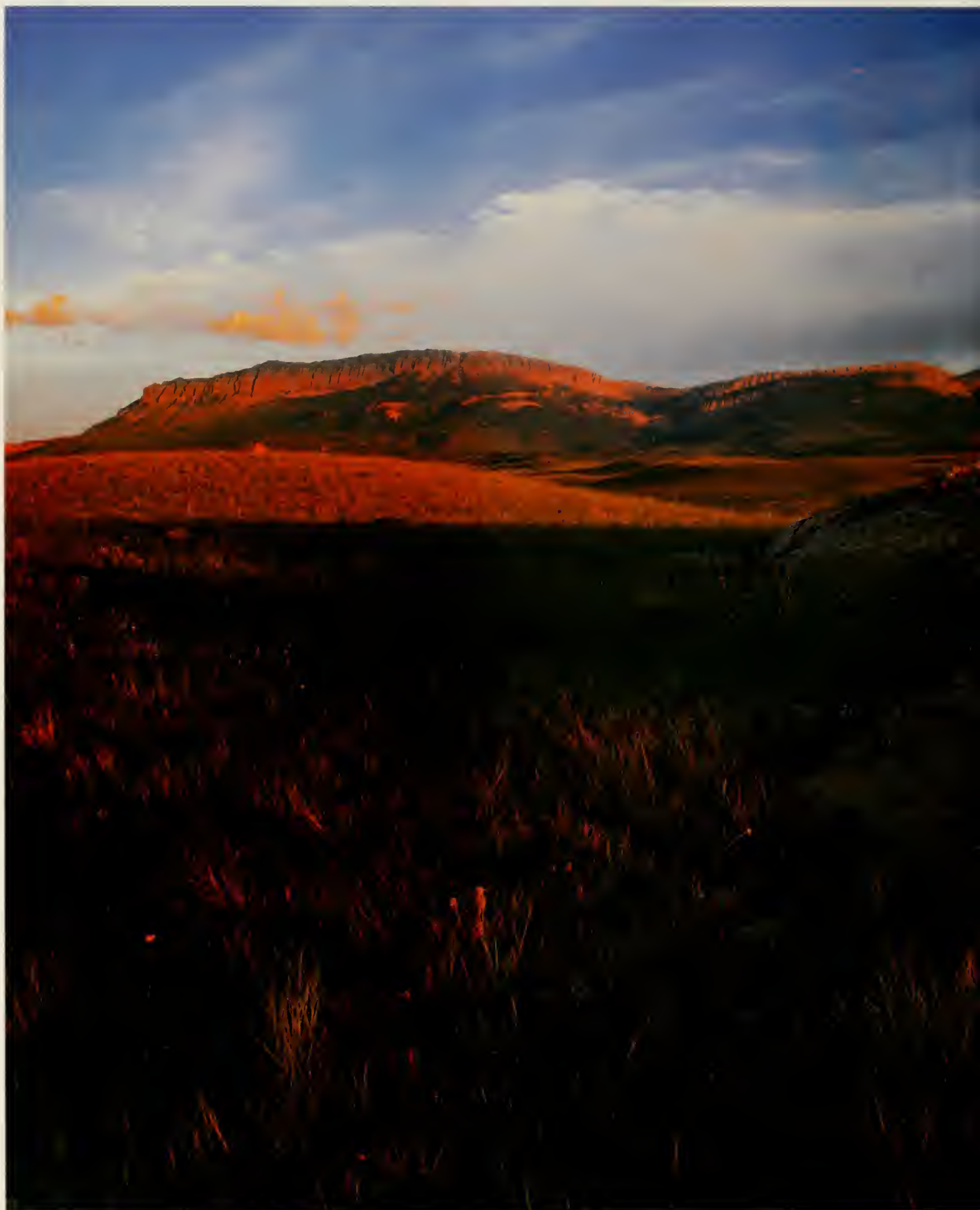
IT WAS THEN MY GRANDFATHER began to see nature differently. Before he died he told me he had met Theodore Roosevelt once, in Yellowstone country. He said the old Rough Rider's manner careened from joy to outrage. He joyously experienced the wild places and wild things around him and was outraged they were vanishing. And he said something my grandfather never forgot: "The joy of living is his who has the heart to demand it."



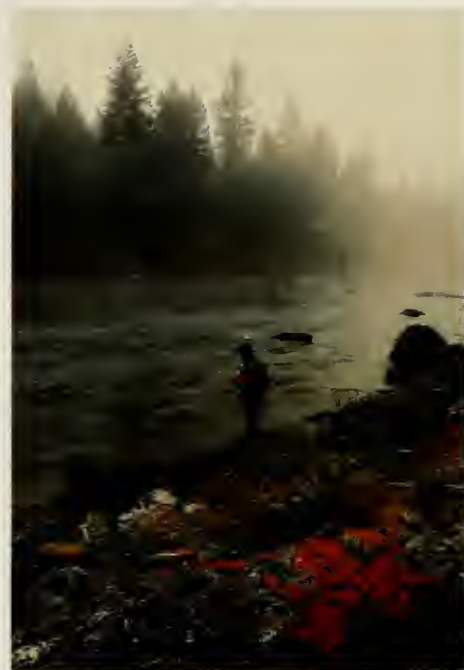
Hunting the high country
—Mike Barlow



Fishing buddies—Mike Barlow



Rocky Mountain Front near Choteau—Chuck Haney



Fishing the Blackfoot River—Michael Javorka

MY FATHER WAS A NEWSPAPERMAN. He had a passion, my father had. He would join the fight to save what was left of Montana's wildlife. As Roosevelt would say, he had the heart to demand it. He fought for laws placing quotas on big game and the enforcement of laws by wardens.

WHEN I WAS YOUNG, my father took me along the Great Divide up into the Bob Marshall Wilderness. We camped along the North Fork of the Sun and we listened to the conversation of the river. It had the sound of chimes or a foreign language spoken fast and low. Everywhere you looked things were held in balance.



Bridger Mountains near Bozeman—Robert Sisk

THE EAGLE BALANCED BEAUTIFULLY

on the wind. The mountain held the sky aloft, just right. All living things were held in a delicate embrace. The seasons circled each other like dancers. The bear sleeps. The trout spawns. The elk remembers the trail toward winter.



Brown trout—Milo Burcham



Bald eagle—Richard Mousel



Waterfowlers — Mike Barlow

IT WAS HERE, IN THIS PRISTINE SETTING, that my father began to understand the balance between wildlife and the environment. He saw a clear and marvelous connection between earth and life form. If we are to preserve wildlife, we must first preserve the environment. The connection is absolute. The one cannot be accomplished without the other.

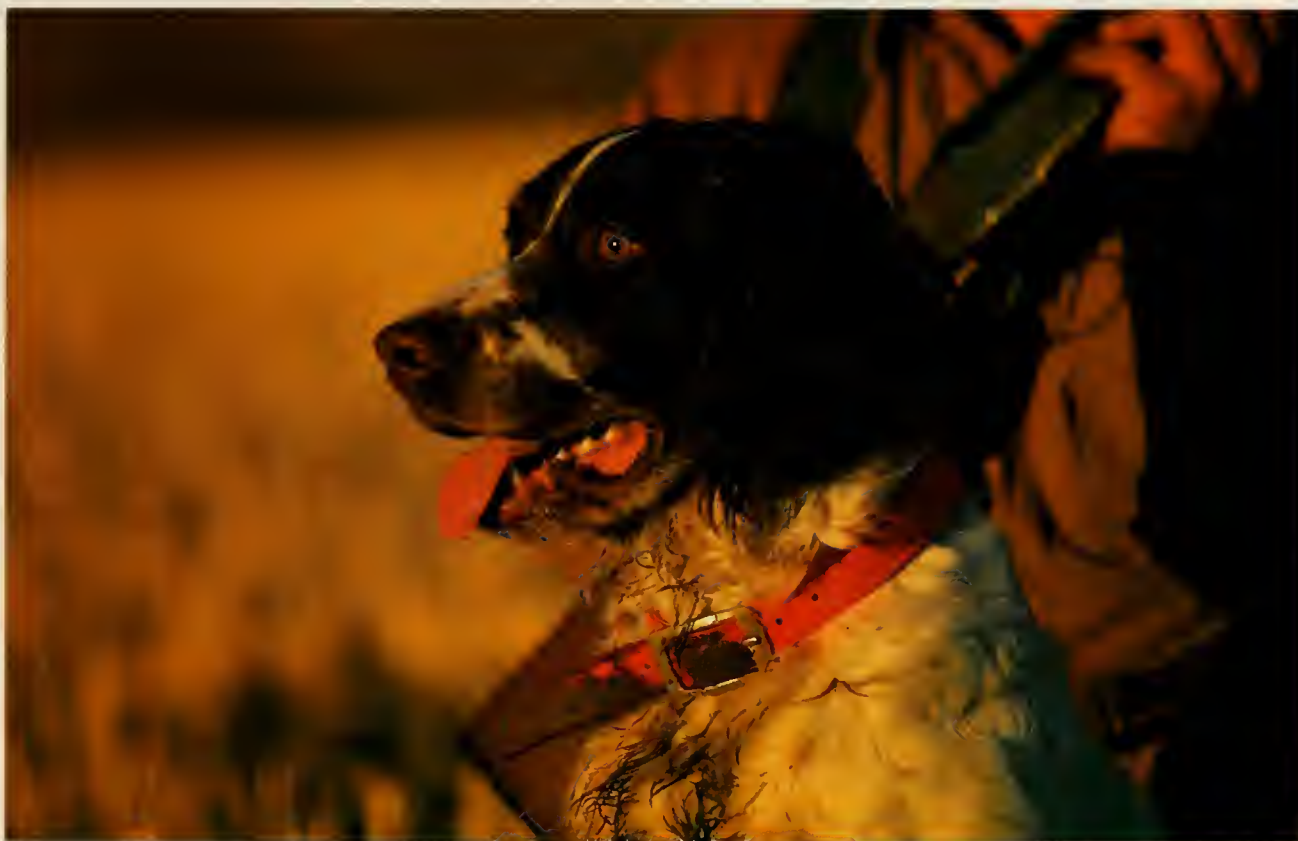


Canada geese—Rodney Schlecht



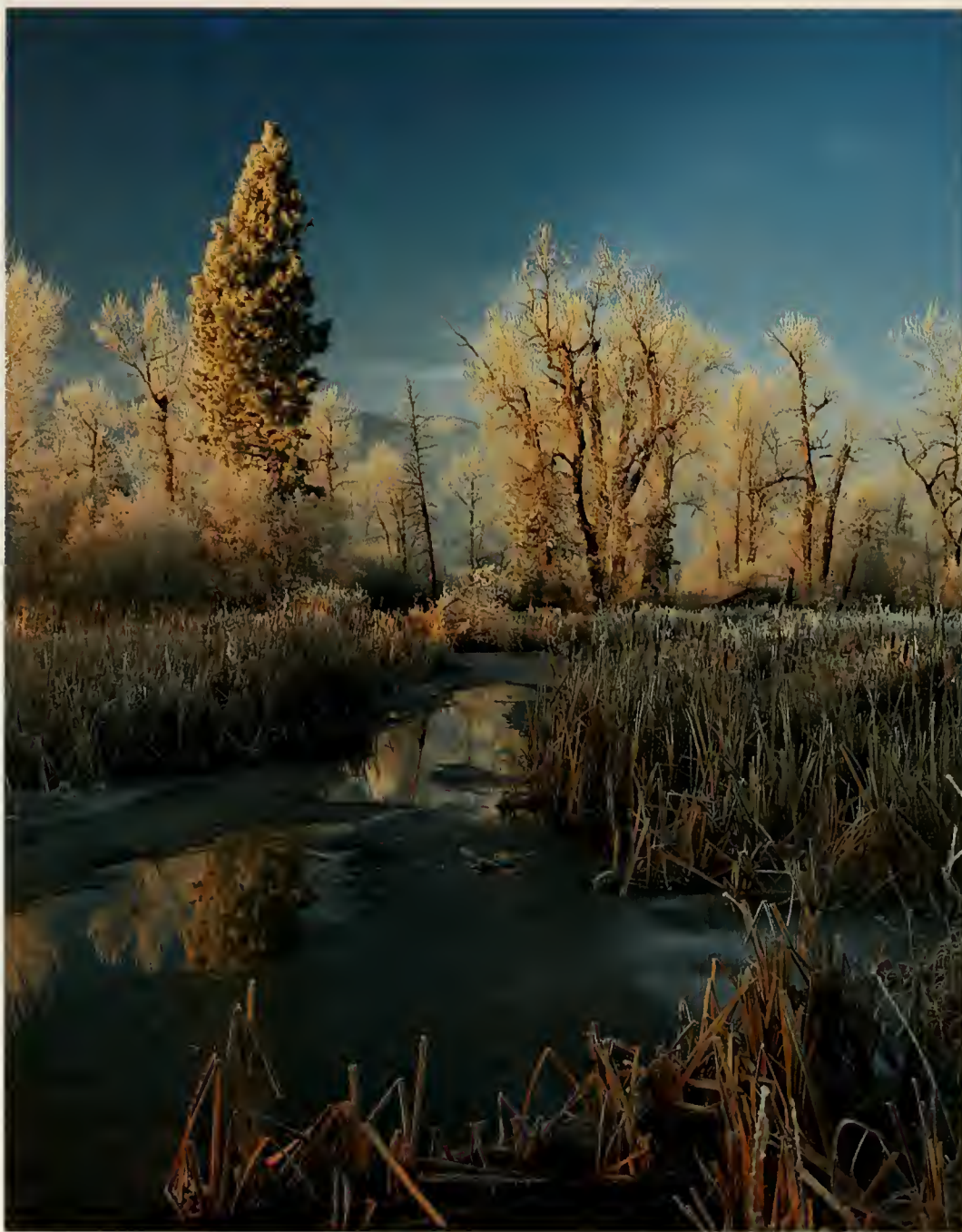
Ring-necked pheasant—Richard Mousel

IN MY FATHER'S EDITORIALS, he worked to change public attitudes, to inspire, to persuade, to advocate for research and enlightened regulations and for proper care of the land. He worked to create alliances of people whose views and interests differed but whose concern was deep and real.



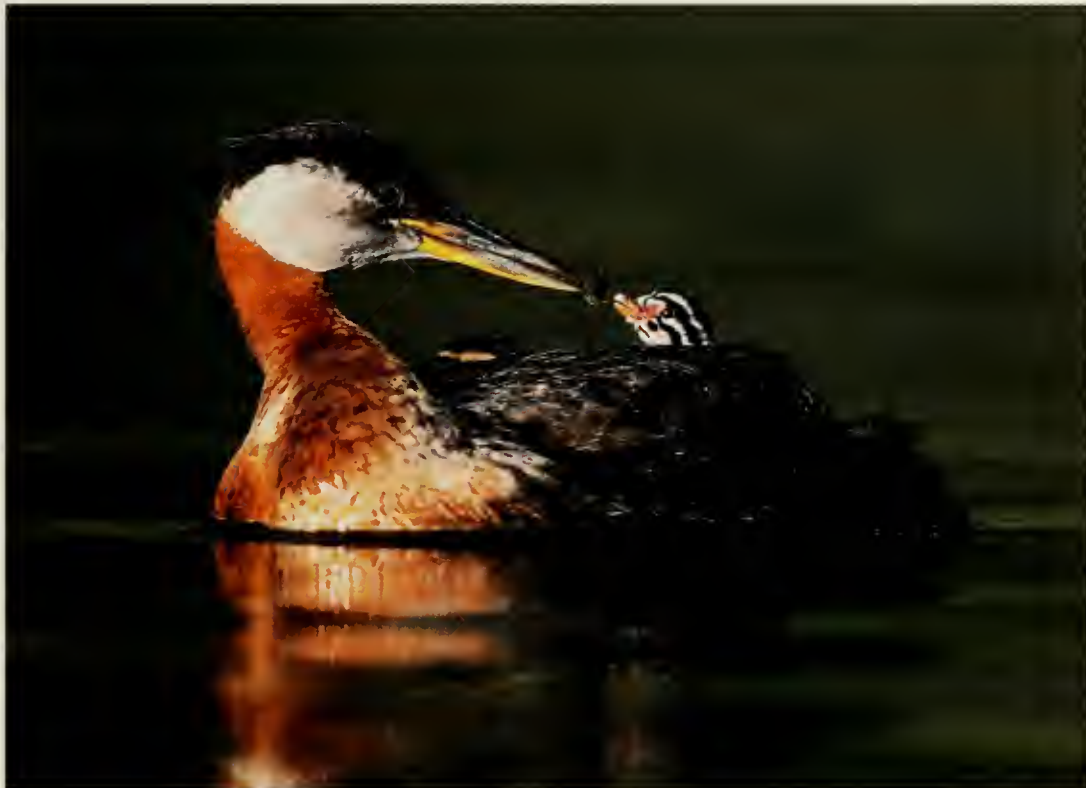
Bird hunters—Mike Barlow

Fishermen. Hunters. Farmers. Ranchers. Birdwatchers. Teachers. A grassroots confederation of interests, both private and public. Working together, little by little, they learned from their past mistakes and hammered out ways to keep the wild world wild.



Lee Metcalf National Wildlife Refuge near Stevensville—Mark C. Boesch

THERE IS SOMETHING ABOUT THIS PLACE called Montana that makes you feel absolutely alive. How can you help but feel your nerve ends sing when so many living things abound around you? Not as much as my great-grandfather knew, but more and more each year.



Red-necked grebes—Donald M. Jones

MONTANA IS NOT always an easy place to live. Not for elk or moose or mountain lion. And not for man or woman. There are bad times, hard seasons, bitter harvests. But to live without these things, shielded from the earth by concrete and technology, is hardly to live at all. There are dangers in the forest and in the mountains and in the rivers. But like the bear, the elk, and the antelope, the people of Montana must live free.



Learning to rope—Larry Javorsky

SOMETHING HAPPENED IN MONTANA that has happened nowhere else.

People of all kinds, with all kinds of interests, looked around at their world and decided we can conserve and create simultaneously. We can create towns and ranches and a future rich with possibility. We can have all these things and still preserve the magic my great-grandfather knew when he came this way. This is the reality of the conservation movement in Montana.



Judith River near Winifred—John Lambing

SO I'M DRAWN back to this country. To the earth where the fathers of my father lay beneath cottonwood and old stone. To a way of living that is real and comfortable with the spiral glide of time. We are four generations. The roads we've walked have spanned a century and more. Yet our lives are somehow simultaneous, held inseparable by this place. We fished the same streams. Followed the elk into the same mountains. We felt the same wind walk the meadows. We felt that same rare exuberance of spirit only felt by those who are truly free.

NOW I WALK the land where my family lived so long. And I feel again that mysterious connection between earth and man. You can't be in Montana long without feeling the power of this union. Everything is shaped by nature's hand. Each day, each season, is a portrait nature paints. The earth and the cloud and the scent of nature's breath are all around, enveloping, sometimes passionate, and sometimes very still. The blood and mind and spirit of my family and the leaf and the seed and the eye of the red fox are painted with the same brush.



Red fox—Jim Petek

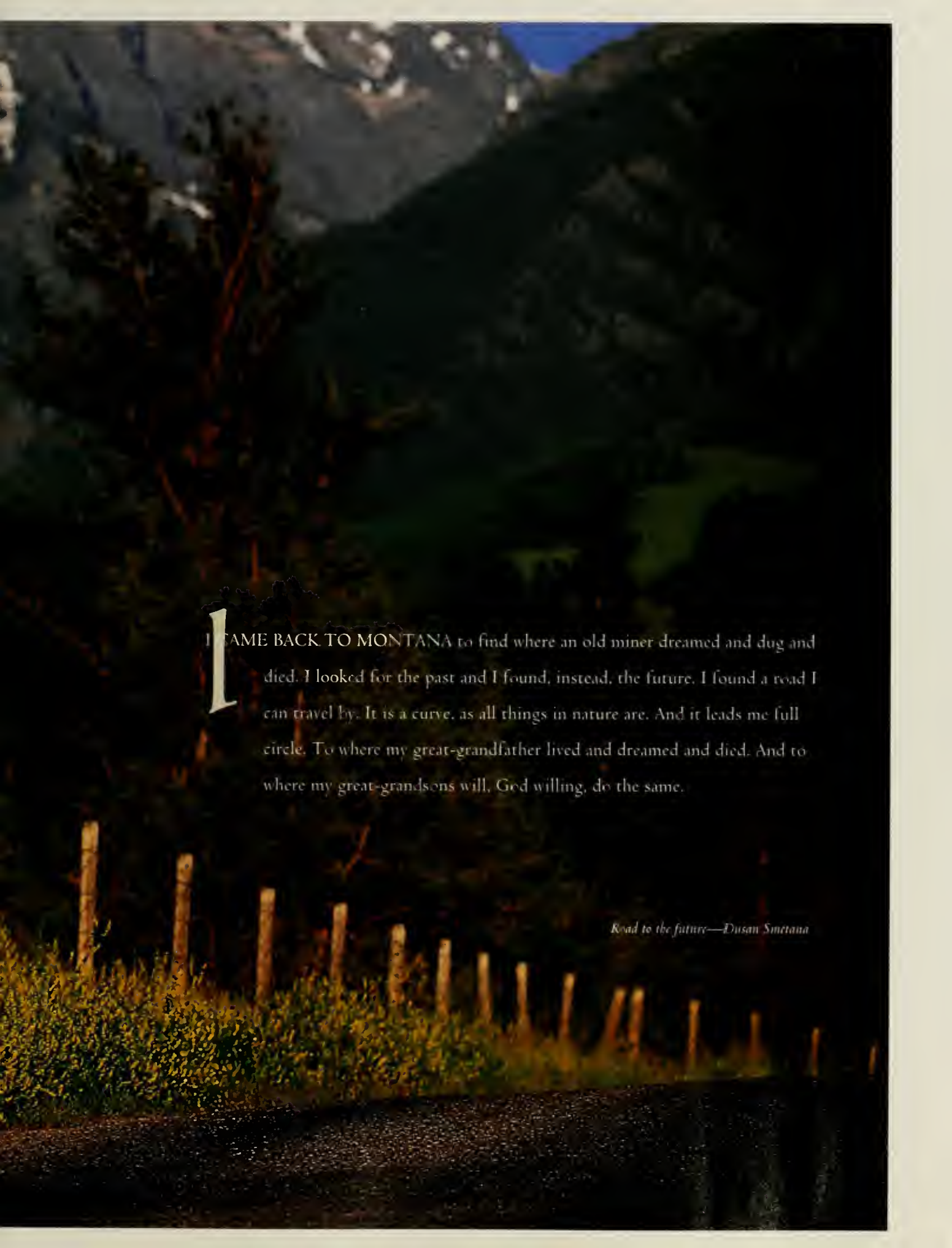


Shields River Valley near Clyde Park—Tim Egan



Great gray owl—Bill Marchel



A scenic photograph of a mountain landscape. In the foreground, a dark, gravelly road curves from the bottom left towards the right. To the left of the road, there is a fence made of vertical wooden posts, with green bushes and grass growing along its base. The background is dominated by steep, dark mountainsides covered in dense evergreen forests. At the very top of the mountains, patches of snow are visible against a clear blue sky. The lighting suggests late afternoon or early morning, with a warm glow on the fence and vegetation.

I CAME BACK TO MONTANA to find where an old miner dreamed and dug and died. I looked for the past and I found, instead, the future. I found a road I can travel by. It is a curve, as all things in nature are. And it leads me full circle. To where my great-grandfather lived and dreamed and died. And to where my great-grandsons will, God willing, do the same.

Road to the future—Dusan Smetana

